

E 467
.1
.S54
U56
Copy 1

A SHERIDAN NIGHT IN CHICAGO.

—A SOUVENIR.—

*Being an Account of the Presentation of a Bust of General
Sheridan to the Union Veteran Club, of Chicago,
at Central Music Hall, May 5, 1884.*

A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORK, AND ADDRESSES MADE ON THAT OCCASION BY
PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, GENERAL JULIUS WHITE AND
BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.

Presented, with the Compliments of the Veterans, to their Friends.



A SHERIDAN NIGHT IN CHICAGO.

— A SOUVENIR. —

*Being an Account of the Presentation of a Bust of General
Sheridan to the Union Veteran Club, of Chicago,
at Central Music Hall, May 5, 1884.*

A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORK, AND ADDRESSES MADE ON THAT OCCASION BY
PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, GENERAL JULIUS WHITE AND
BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.

Presented, with the Compliments of the Veterans, to their Friends.

E 907

.1

S542156

In Exchange
General Biblical Inst.
June 18, 1929





THE succession of Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan to the command of the Army of the United States, with Head-quarters at Washington City D. C., deprived Chicago of one of her most honored and popular citizens.

A residence of many years in Chicago, as Commander of the Military Division of the Missouri, had endeared him to her people, who keenly regretted his departure.

Several of General Sheridan's friends desiring to compliment their most distinguished associate, suggested that the General's portrait be secured as a souvenir of esteemed friendship; and all being members of the Union Veteran Club of Chicago, it was further suggested that the portrait be presented to that organization, many of whose members had followed the General in his brilliant campaigns. A committee was therefore constituted, consisting of the following named gentlemen:

COMRADE WILLIAM H. BOLTON, Chairman.

COMRADE JOHN L. MANNING, Secretary.

COMRADE JAMES A. SEXTON.

COMRADE JULIUS WHITE.

" MARTIN BEEM.

" JACOB GROSS.

" A. L. CHETLAIN.

" JAMES E. STUART.

" W. S. SCRIBNER.

" WILLIAM P. REND.

" JACOB S. CURTISS.

" GEORGE T. BURROUGHS.

" CHARLES A. DIBBLE.

" SAMUEL E. GROSS.

" WILLIAM H. REED.

" H. A. BURT.

" WILLIAM E. STRONG.

" JOHN L. THOMPSON.

" JOSEPH STOCKTON.

" W. N. ALLEY.

" L. W. PERCE.

" CHARLES CATLIN.

" MAURICE J. McGRATH.

" ED H. CASTLE.

" JOHN L. BEVERIDGE.

" JULIUS C. WINTERMEYER.

" CANUTE R. MATSON.

" CALVIN DURAND.

" SETH F. HANCHETT.

" BRADFORD HANCOCK.

" ROBERT W. SMITH.

" SPENCER S. KIMBELL.

" JOSEPH B. LEAKE.

" WILLIAM H. HARPER.

HON. F. W. PALMER.

" JAMES GLEGHORN.

" C. B. FARWELL.

HON. NOAH E. GARY.

After due consideration, the committee reported in favor of a heroic bust in Carrara marble, and Mr. Howard Kretschmar, the sculptor, was invited to execute the commission.

Notwithstanding the many calls on the attention of General Sheridan, consequent on the transfer of Head-quarters to Washington City, he gracefully assented to the request of the committee to give sittings, and was soon most amiably interested in the progress of the work. Before the General's departure, the clay model was finished and viewed by his family and friends, who pronounced the work more than satisfactory. In March last, Mr. Kretschmar notified the committee that the work was completed, and the finished marble was duly inspected and accepted.

The bust was unveiled and formally presented to the Veteran Club on the evening of May 5th, at Central Music Hall, in the presence of an immense audience of ladies and gentlemen. The parquette was occupied by the Veterans.

The bust rested upon a handsome pedestal in the center of the platform, and over it was draped an elegant silk flag. Two silk flags, one the Stars and Stripes, and the other a blue banner, both the property of the Veteran Club and inscribed with mottoes, hung at the side.

A military band in brilliant scarlet uniforms, occupied the back part of the stage. When the "Assembly"—executed by two Veteran buglers, Messrs, Gould and Purinton—was sounded, the members of the presentation and reception committees, and the speakers entered upon the rostrum, and took their seats.

The band then played "America," after which Col. Wm. H. Bolton Chairman of the presentation committee, called the meeting to order and introduced as chairman of the meeting, Col. James A. Sexton, the President of the Veteran Club.

The following, among other letters, were then read by the secretary of the club, and received with great applause:

LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERIDAN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, April 28.—My Dear Colonel: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the ceremonies at Central Music Hall, Chicago, on May 5, next, upon the occasion of the unveiling of the bust executed by Mr. Howard Kretschmar, the sculptor.

I assure you it would give me great pleasure if I could be present, but I regret to say I find my engagements are such that I cannot be with you on the evening named. Please convey to the Committee of the Union Veteran Club my thanks for their kind remembrance of me and believe me always sincerely yours,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant General.

Colonel John L. Manning, Secretary.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 26, 1884.—Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for the invitation of the Union Veteran Club to be present at the unveiling ceremonies of the bust of General Sheridan, to take place at Chicago on the evening of May 5. It is not possible for me to be present; but if I could be at home on that day, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to show by my presence the regard and admiration in which I hold the gallant soldier who by the lapse of years has become the senior of all veterans remaining in active service. I am, very truly yours, ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Colonel John L. Manning, Secretary Union Veteran Club.

THE MARBLE.

At this point Colonel Sexton withdrew the flag from the marble bust upon which a strong calcium light was thrown. The audience burst into applause, and the veterans led in three ringing cheers. The band played "Hail to the Chief."

The bust is cut from a remarkably fine piece of the purest Carrara marble. It is of heroic size. The head is turned to the left, the chin proudly elevated. The expression conveyed is keen and aggressive. The poise of the head and general characteristics represent the ideal warrior. The drapery shows the General's uniform. One shoulder-strap is covered by the broad sash, which is also utilized to array into harmonious groups what would otherwise be a monotonous arrangement of the buttons. Of all General Sheridan's numerous decorations and badges, his own badge has been selected to serve as a corrective of what would otherwise, on the Atlantic expanse of the General's chest, be a parallelism of shadows and effects. The treatment in modeling has been in keeping with the subject. While no detail of form is neglected, there is a breadth and simplicity in keeping with the heroic character of the work. The aim of Mr. Kretschmar has been to produce an ideal warrior, not simply the features of General Sheridan. But with this high aim permeating his work, then we have not only Sheridan's features in perfection, but shining through and surrounding the block of pure white marble the sculptor's ideal—his inspiration.

Prof. Swing's Presentation Address.

Immediately following the music, the chairman introduced Professor David Swing, who said:

The Committee of Arrangements asked me to make what is called the "presentation speech," on this happy occasion—happy, because our city possesses such a body of noblemen as the Union Veteran Club; happy, because we have such a sculptor as the author of this work; happy, because we have had a General so worthy of this marble, and of this public unveiling. The artist himself should have assumed this presentation task, but the Veteran Club estimated so highly this image of their beloved General, that they desired the remarks to be made by some one who could speak some words regarding Howard Kretschmar, the sculptor, as well as regarding the image he has so faithfully produced.

A sculptor journeying toward Chicago must feel much like old Abraham felt out in the wilderness; going he knows not whither exactly, but hoping for a city that might, at least, be willing to have some divine foundation, but with hopes greatly clouded, and walking chiefly by longings of soul. So far as sight was concerned, there were ships, roads, warerooms, shops and much people, but when the thoughts turned toward the products of the chisel or the brush, the eyesight was of little value, and our young and gifted artist must have approached our metropolis, led, like the old saint, by faith only.

But the same spirit of longing and ambition led this artist, when young, to a greater city than our Chicago—even to glorious old Rome. Having studied for a short time in Paris, he entered the Royal Art Academy in Munich, and for about one year he studied carefully the anatomy of man, and drew and carved and modeled from the antique and from life. After studying models and master-pieces in Austria and in Italy at large, he went to Rome to settle down regularly at the great work of mastering a noble, fine art. Here he remained three years. In that old home of the beauti-

ful, Mr. Kretschmar produced his first ideal work of life-size in marble. It was entitled "Painting the Lily." It was purchased by a gentleman now living in San Francisco; but so excellent was the idea and so attractive the execution, that a copy was secured by the Pennsylvania Art Academy in Philadelphia.

From Rome, the place for study, our artist came back to America, as the place to apply his skill. Why should not this mighty country be not only the shop of the merchant and the trader, but also the shop and studio of the sculptor? Here are mind, soul, heart, education and wealth! Why cannot such a new world accept and cherish a fine art, or all the fine arts?

The fact that the United States looks over the sea for works of art, is partly the result of the fact that our gifted sons going thither to study, have remained there. They were the first ones to say "America does not appreciate beauty." But the real truth is the artists were the first ones to catch this foreign fever. Had Powers and Story and their gifted companions returned to their native cities, they might have prevented our eyes from looking over the sea. But we cannot much blame the artists who were afraid to risk the support of a new world—they would indeed have transformed our people into lovers of art, but the early toilers would have died in poverty in the first years of this new education; yet those martyrs would have made our cities rival those of Europe in this form of intellectual pursuit and happiness, and now European eyes would have been looking westward to see what marbles or canvasses were rising up in greatness in the American Hemisphere. Greece, jealous of her great sons, used to forbid them to go abroad. Athens must not go out to find the world; the world must come to Athens. Our old Congress would have helped the people much had it sent many gifted singers, painters and sculptors abroad to study and then compelled them to return in five years and ply their art in their native land; but our government is one of permission only, not of compulsion.

Howard Kretschmar made as brilliant an entrance into his artist life as was made by Powers, or Story, or Ives or Meade. The temptations to remain in the old world were great; but in the meanwhile our country has passed up out of infancy, and Mr. Kretschmar comes back, not simply to this continent, but to the central city of the

land, where the piles of lumber and wheat, and the droves of stock and the masts of ships are supposed to hide forever any blocks of marble, however finely chiselled, and pictures, however skillfully painted. In other cities of the nation he has cut in marble the forms of many public men, and to-night, we see him here in our city, in his youth and talent, as proud of his Sheridan in marble as the nation is proud of its Sheridan in the flesh.

Sculpture is a limited, but a great art. It resembles music in its inability to deal in low ideas. The painter and the poet can portray common passions, but music and sculpture spiritualize. They deal in noble generalities. So refined and spiritual is sculpture, that it does not appeal to so large a number of mortals as can listen to a song or a poem; but to the hearts of those who can contemplate virtues, it speaks with a language full of eloquence. It is a transfiguration, always, rather than a perfect picture. It does not deal in flesh tints, not in the black or blue eye, or in the auburn or raven hair, but, passing by these accidents, it catches the colorless features of the soul, and gives us all that is eternal in the nature of man. Sculpture is no more a rival of painting than of architecture or music. It is a distinct art. The painter attempts to make a *fac simile* of his subject, while sculpture is more like an oration or a poem—an effort to gather up the mental and spiritual attributes of an Apollo, or a Venus, or a Moses, or a Minerva. It deals in one color, white or black or brown, because tints or colors would ruin its spirit. A statue painted to life would be outside of the art, because sculpture loves the qualities that suffer no change. It is that high study of mind and spirit to which vestments, fabrics, silks, satins and purple robes are as mere dust; and therefore, for the most part, all drapery falls away and the divine form stands forth in natural symmetry. But of late generations, this art has risen more and more toward the glory of the head and face, as though thought and emotion were the divine qualities of the ideals, both upon Mount Olympus and in the homes of mortals.

No art demands of its devotees so much imagination and so much appreciation of refined excellence. The snow-white outline of a form is given and the beholder must fill up the drama of life. The cold lips must be clothed with language, the hand must be full of friend-

ship, the heavy bosom must heave with breath, the form must be endowed with a soul. In the great European galleries, the multitude hasten through the rooms sacred to statuary to reach those of the painter, because in the art full of colors, the imagination has a lighter task to perform. The problem is solved for each visitor. Each noble piece of statuary stands waiting for the mental life and the creative power of each passer-by. Only the most awakened and cultured will pause and hear the marble lips pour forth language. It required the enthusiastic soul of Pygmalion to turn the ivory statue into a living form, of which fable, perhaps, the moral is that statuary will express all its meaning only to those who can give to its vague charms a certain devotion. But without possessing the power of Pygmalion, the American mind can rise to the height of sculpture as easily as to the height of Beethoven's music.

Sculpture is more spiritual in America than it was in Greece, but in all periods it has been the art that has garnered up in marble or brass, ivory or even in gold, the beautiful of deity, of woman, of man. That it might deal in the permanent, it has made its subject sit or stand in peace. If Hercules is the theme, he is not busy at his twelve labors, but he is in all his powers ready, if need be, for twelve more tremendous tasks. If the Apollo is the subject, he is taken away from his battle with Python, and is pictured in that power which has mastered a monster and which stands ready for new combats, when the age may call for illustrious service. But all this turmoil must be back of the artist or far before him. Winkelmann says of the Apollo of the Vatican: "A perennial springtime, like that which reigns in the happy fields of Elysium, clothes with lovable youth the beautiful body. In order to feel the merit of this master-piece, we must be penetrated with intellectual beauty, and become, if possible, the creatures of a celestial spirit which circulates like a rich vapor in all parts of the admirable figure. Disdain is upon his lips; indignation indeed ascends to his eyebrows, but an unchangeable serenity is upon his forehead, and his eye is full of sweetness, as though the Muses were caressing him." Thus, also, the Moses of Angelo is divested of all his troubles with Aaron and the complaining multitude, and sitting as though upon a throne, he looks as though his forehead was full of laws for nations, and his soul full of the Jehovah of his race.

Thus sculpture is the glory of man, not gathered up in a poem, nor a biography, nor in a history, but in a single piece of marble. It is not a photograph of a friend or mortal, but a true dream of one when the dreamer is himself in an exalted state. In the vision of Æneas, the absent Crousa came back to him a little larger than life:

“Visa mihi ante oculos et nota major imago.”

Thus is this art a certain, delicate analysis of persons—a study of all those qualities which compose that strangest of earth called character. In this marble before us this evening, the battle field is far away, the weariness and anxiety of the heart while cannons are roaring and while the nation is in peril are excluded, and we are in the presence of a half heroic form which can easily recall a great task and inspire for a great future. The intellectual power, the symmetry of forces, the decision of the will, the tenderness of the sentiments, are all here and are made by this stone imperishable. Of the virtues of this hero a true soldier will now speak. In the name of Howard Kretschmar, the sculptor, I deliver to the Union Veteran Club this marble image of a man loved by the whole nation, General Sheridan.

The Acceptance.

The speech accepting the bust for the Club was made by General Julius White, who said:

MR. KRETCHMAR, on behalf of the committee of gentlemen upon whose commission you have executed this bust of General Sheridan, and of the Union Veteran Club, who are to receive it, it is my pleasant duty to express the gratitude they feel toward you, for this faithful representation of one whom we all admire and respect—for this admirable work of art, which it is not flattery to say is from the hand of a master. And here let me convey to you and to the audience, the opinion of the work which General Sheridan himself entertains.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, }
 WASHINGTON D. C., April 16, 1884. }

My dear General:

Your letter of April 12th, and photographs of the marble bust of myself, executed by the sculptor, Mr. Howard Kretschmar, have been received. Having seen the clay model, and having heard from friends, who have seen the finished marble, nothing but praise of Mr. Kretschmar's success in this piece of statuary, I accept with pleasure these photographs, as evidence of that gentleman's high ability and skill, and beg that you will convey to him my appreciation of what all assure me is an excellent likeness. Very truly yours,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieut. General.

To GEN. JULIUS WHITE, Chicago, Ill.

Some of the most celebrated works in sculpture, universally admired for their exquisite delineation of the perfect human form, are wholly exempt from criticism in other respects, as they represent physical power or beauty only, not individuality or character.

Others, which are intended to denote passion, dignity or intellectual power, are modeled upon conventional or classic forms—notably the Greek or Roman—and are *wholly* ideal, representing no individuality except as they may be said to indicate the form and general features of a race.

But in this work the artist has not been permitted to ignore either the real or ideal. It has been required of him to produce a correct likeness of a living man—of one who is known to many thousands—whose features, whether in repose or illuminated by the genial glow of his good nature, constitute a familiar object.

More than this, far beyond and above the mere portraiture of the physique, it has been required of him to delineate the mental characteristics which have so greatly distinguished his subject, and which are familiar to all the world; to produce the typical man of war—the perfect ideal soldier; for the Navarre, the Marshal Ney, the Murat of history, or the most accomplished knight of romance ever drawn by the masterly hand of the “Wizard of the North,” could not more worthily sit for this distinction than our Sheridan, who, as a field marshal, is the peer of any soldier, of any age or of any country.

That Mr. Kretschmar has produced a work answering such severe requirements, is amply attested in the hitherto unmatched, if not

matchless, bust of General Sheridan now in our presence, which may safely challenge the closest scrutiny of his most intimate friend—presenting, as it does, not only the physical, but the intellectual man as far and as fully as it seems possible to express mental organism in sculpture.

Impulsive, aggressive and swift to act, General Sheridan is, nevertheless, considerate, and as a subordinate always recognizes obedience to orders as the paramount duty of a soldier. In the absence of orders, or when entrusted with discretion in modifying or wholly discarding them, he is bold, daring and self-reliant, but never reckless.

An educated tactician, he seems not to depend largely upon prescribed formations or evolutions of troops on the battle field, but rather upon rapidity of movement, suddenness and momentum of attack, and making the most of victory when achieved. The formula by which he seems to be governed is his own, and, condensed, is substantially “whip the enemy and capture his force, his camp and artillery.” Making war in earnest, he is never vindictive or cruel, never transgresses the laws of war or humanity, and never destroys life or property unnecessarily.

A disciplinarian, he is no martinet. He is more than a disciplinarian—he is an inspiration to his men as well as an instructor. He was the first to appreciate and properly utilize the splendid material of which American cavalry is composed. He trained and infused with his own spirit the brilliant school comprising Custer and Merritt and Wilson and Averill and Forsyth and a host of others, who no longer serving as mere scouts and skirmishers, were wont to come crashing down upon the enemy's flanks, participating as fully and as efficiently as any other arm of the service, in the most hotly contested battles.

Crowning and dignifying his other admirable qualities, is the unselfish devoted patriotism by which he is ever actuated. When, where and to whom has he ever intimated that his services, brilliant as they have been, deserved promotion? When did he ever complain because of assignment to difficult or hazardous duty? When has he ever failed to perform his whole duty because of a real or imaginary wrong to himself or to a brother officer, however dear to him that officer might be? Phillip H. Sheridan never had a friend,

in or out of the army, who was dearer to him than his country. That immaculate marble, emblem of purity as it is, is not purer in its composition than the self-abnegating, patriotic devotion to duty which has governed his military life, from the day of his commission as a second Lieutenant, down to that day when a grateful people saw him assume his place at the head of the army—an illustrious successor to illustrious predecessors.

The history of his country, which Sheridan has illustrated by his long, unbroken series of victories in the cause of liberty and union, will depict and transmit to posterity the salient features in his character as an officer, which have been very briefly and imperfectly alluded to here, while this admirable work, wrought by your hands, Mr. Kretschmar, so long as it remains unharmed by the hand of time or disaster, supplementing and illuminating history, will ever present to the beholder a truthful impression of the model soldier that he is—the incarnation of lofty patriotism, daring valor and resistless energy. So long as the work remains, so long may your name remain, as it deserves, associated with that of your illustrious subject, as is that of Gilbert Stuart with the name of Washington.

In formally accepting this valued work as we now do, I again express our profound gratitude, with the earnest wish and confident hope that the love you bear for your noble profession, and the genius it has awakened, may be appreciated at their worth, and secure to you that eminence among the renowned in the realm of Art, to which we believe you are justly entitled.



At the conclusion of General White's address, Mr. Kretschmar, the artist, was called for, and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You will pardon me, doubtless, if I plead some embarrassment at this call to address you. Especially after what has been said, so more than kindly said, by our friends Professor Swing and General White. Men of my profession express themselves by work rather than in words. It is proper, however, that I should at least endeavor to express to you my profound appreciation of this compliment. And I speak, I am sure, not for myself alone, but for all sculptors, all painters and all lovers of art, when acknowledging in your graceful tribute of respect for General Sheridan, the honor done also to art work. It is an evidence, one of many evidences around us, that the men who have builded this magnificent city, intend

that it shall be not only great, but beautiful; the splendid home of strong men and lovely women.

Mr. Kretschmar retired amid great applause.

The band played "Tenting To-night," and "St. Bernard's Echo," was given on the bugles.

Bishop Fallows' Oration.

Bishop Fallows was then introduced and said:

It has been said "there is nothing mankind so severely revenge as their own inflated imagination. If they have set a man too high, they never forgive him for their own injustice. The Athenians ostracised their citizens because their own folly had made them too popular, and they dreaded the effects of their previous admiration." The American people are not given to an excess of admiration of anything or anybody. A phrenological examination of the national cranium shows a great depression where the bump of reverence ought to be, therefore nobody is in much danger of being sent into exile because his good qualities have been extravagantly set forth.

We meet to-night not to unduly exalt, but to give this simple meed of praise to a man whose very name thrills not only the soldiers who served under him, but the whole nation, whose honor he so gloriously maintained. In praising him, we are really praising the brave armies he commanded, and the great American people who put those armies under his leadership. And those armies and that people deserve the most glowing tribute that language can convey, or memorial express.

The name and fame of the distinguished soldier, whose excellent bust in marble has been unveiled before us to-night, will be forever connected with the establishment and development of the new American nation, which has risen before the astonished gaze of the world. I say a *new* nation, for a new spirit of American nationality has been developed by our stupendous civil conflict. Heterogeneous peoples have been welded into one homogeneous whole. That mighty struggle is an answer to a thousand questions of doubt as to the future stability and integrity of the Republic.

It is an acknowledged fact that one of the most important sources of national sympathy and unity is that of historical reminiscences, "preserved by traditions, or monuments, or historic records." An English poet declares it to be enough to satisfy the ambition of a common man, "that he is a countryman of Wolfe and speaks the language of Chatham." Full as the bracing atmosphere is of ozone, is the little isle of Albion with rich, uniting historical suggestions and appeals. The dullest English mind catches the inspiration of a national feeling as he surveys them, and the most stolid mind feels the rising of a national pride in their presence. What thrilling associations spring up as the subject of the Queen treads the aisles and naves and corridors of Westminster Abbey. But in that abbey are the tombs, and monuments, and busts of men, who not only fought against the common enemies of England, and extended her power and influence round the globe, but of the men who drenched her soil with the blood of fratricidal foes. They sleep together, or are commemorated together now, in that magnificent mausoleum of her mighty dead.

A little over thirty years ago, on a lofty hill overlooking the blue Danube, was opened the famous Walhalla, the grand national temple consecrated to the memory of celebrated Germans. The King of Bavaria, who had conceived the idea of its erection, presided at the consecration. Already had been gathered within its walls the busts of one hundred and fifty eminent men. In his address on the occasion, the King, profoundly moved by his surroundings, said:

"May it serve to develop and consolidate German nationality. May all Germans, to whatever race they belong, feel that they have one common country—a country of which they may be proud; and may each individual labor according to his faculties, to promote the welfare and honor of his country."

No Westminster Abbey or Walhalla was to be found on our shores. We had a few historical reminiscences connected with the landing of the Pilgrims, and with the Revolutionary war, and but one commanding national monument—the simple, sublime granite shaft which towers aloft on Bunker Hill. These, however, meant little to the millions who were pouring into our midst from other lands. The event, even which the monument commemorated, seemed to have been forgotten by at least one English traveler, who was told

by the guide that this was the place where Warren fell. Adjusting his eye-glasses, he carefully scanned its altitude, and then, all unconscious of any affinity with Mark Twain, anxiously asked, "Did it seriously hurt him when he fell?"

But to those who did know its meaning, to the English-born citizen and to the naturalized German, it spoke mainly of English oppression and of hiring Hessians.

The war for the Union wrought a wonderful change. Six times as many English-born soldiers fought for the preservation of the nation as fought against the American Colonies during the Revolutionary war. Six times as many German soldiers fought in the same glorious Union cause as were enlisted in these Hessian regiments, sent over by venal landgraves to help England crush out American Independence. The Irishmen in the Union ranks were five times as many in number as all the men, women and children together within the bounds of this imperial State of Illinois when it was admitted into the sisterhood of States. Five hundred thousand Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, Germans, Irishmen, Scandinavians, Swedes, and other nationalities, kept step to the music of the Union.

The number of foreign born soldiers was equal to five-sevenths of the entire Confederate force.

In other words one-fourth of the whole Union army was composed of soldiers who first saw the light in other lands than this. Add to these the number who, like General Sheridan, were the immediate descendants of foreign born parents, and you will find they will make at least one-half of the men in arms for the salvation of the Republic.

What does this import? It means that the civil war has done infinite good in settling the conflict between the different races seeking our hospitable shores. Nationality—a broad, comprehensive American nationality—has been won through the common toils and sufferings and sacrifices of these various peoples.

Literature is joined with monuments and historical reminiscences as a potent factor in securing needed unity, and this needed literature in our own country the war has given us.

However well intentioned may be the suggestion or the design to eliminate from the history of the United States, as studied in our public schools, the account of the civil war, we cannot afford

seriously to entertain a thought in that direction. I know that the desire lying back of the feeler just thrown out in our city on that subject, is to bring about as speedily as possible a full reconciliation between the North and the South, But we cannot conveniently drop out of history, the record of a conflict that shook the globe, and wrought the most momentous social and political changes in our land. Th memories of the brave boys who fought against each other are not so treacherous that they can forget what they did on some of the bloodiest battle fields of history. Reconciliation never will come by ignoring, but by accepting the situation. The principles for which the Union armies contended are as permanent as the Republic itself. It would be the most stupendous act of historical hari-kari ever known, for the North and the South to attempt to take out of the national record, in order that the children of the Republic may know nothing of it, the history of the struggle which emancipated four millions of men and demonstrated to the world that we were one nation.

Keep forever before our youth the heroic deeds of the men who saved the Republic, and those of the equally heroic deeds of the misguided men who sought to disrupt it. Add, in the successive editions of your common school histories, if you choose, that hundreds of Confederate officers, since the war has closed, have been members of the national Congress. Relate how the gallant heroes who opposed each other in that terrible, decisive battle of Gettysburg, have been arm in arm over the fateful field, to find out the exact location of their regiments, brigades and divisions, so that the simple truth relating to the conflict might be told; narrate how, when the appeal was made in Richmond and in New York for a home for disabled Confederate soldiers, Corporal Tanner, the eloquent United States District Attorney for Brooklyn, representing scores of thousands of Union soldiers, stumped about on his wooden legs and made the most glowing effort of his life, in order that the required help might be given. Let it be told, and I hope it may soon be told, that an American Westminster Abbey or Walhalla has been erected to the memory of our distinguished dead, where, ranged within, may be found the sculptured busts and statues of Washington and Franklin, of Adams and Jefferson, of Webster and Clay,

of Lincoln and Garfield, of McPherson and Rawlins, of Thomas and Hooker, of Stonewall Jackson and Polk, of Lee and Stephens. Long may the time be delayed when a splendid bust like this shall be given one of the most conspicuous and honored places in that national temple, to commemorate the services of a departed Sheridan.

This costly and grateful tribute of the accomplished and rising artist who has presented it, this great gathering of the enthusiastic friends of the commemorator and the commemorated, but faintly attest the esteem in which we hold him who helped give a renewed lease of life to the Republic, for whose existence he so gallantly fought and who so valiantly struggled, that the United States might forever speak in the voice of sonorous thunder to the nations of the earth, the mandates of a free and a progressive people, instead of uttering some trembling, superannuated remonstrance in the cracked and squeaking treble of a dozen or twenty discordant States.

In estimating the life and services of General Sheridan, we must take into account several things. Men are but human, and with two millions of men in the field, each one of whom had the capacity latent or developed, for a major-general, a profuse display of human nature might be reasonably expected; and if expected among the men, it must inevitably be displayed among the Generals themselves. And when we think of the immense territory over which our armies were stretched, the difficulty the authorities at Washington experienced in grasping the details of the situation, the want of previous military training among most of the officers, the natural impatience in subordinating will and judgment by men to each other, who were equals at home, the absence of unity of purpose, the obstacles in the way of concert of action, the prejudices, the antagonisms, the jealousies, that in the nature of things must exist, we can appreciate, to some extent at least, the tremendous problem to be solved among ourselves, how best to carry on and end the war for the Union, and also the difficulties before our Generals in winning enduring distinction.

It may be true of poets that they are born but not made, but soldiers of commanding qualities must be both born and made. Whatever their inborn genius, they must, on the field of conflict and amidst the alarms of war, show the stuff of which they are composed.

By a process of evolution, out of all the mighty mass engaged in that most momentous struggle, came the three men, each unique and incomparable in his sphere, who, of all others, are to stand forth in history as the renowned representatives of the Union army. Grant, with the final unconditional-surrender grip of supreme military authority, never loosened until the Southern Confederacy ceased to breathe; Sherman, the master strategist and sweeping captain of war, and Sheridan, "the incarnation of battle," and the synonym of military success.

From the physical point of view, Sheridan is a small man, but all compact of iron sinews and nerves of steel. The famous Dr. Watts was a very small man. Some one who met him for the first time, involuntarily drew back, saying in surprise, "Is this the great Dr. Watts?" The poet just as involuntarily replied on the spot:

"If I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

We can say, in the same strain, with another poet, of the hero we justly extol to-night:

"Tho' not a giant, he is learned and wise;
And wisdom compensates for size."

Short though he is, the enemy found his matchless military capability to be too long for them. It placed them in the position of the gruff teamster, who refused, one cold winter's day, on one of our highways, to give half the road to a man in a cutter, muffled up to his chin, and almost buried in a buffalo robe, whose name was, we might say, Long Jones. Slowly throwing off his wraps, he began gradually to rise. Higher and higher and higher he towered, until the astonished fellow before him cried out: "Good heavens! if there's any more of you to get up, please sit down and I'll give you all the road."

"How much do you weigh?" was the question, you remember, asked of a small man. "One hundred and thirty pounds is my regular weight," was the answer, "but when I am mad, I weigh a ton." Sheridan was "mad" all the time.

General Sheridan was the antithesis of the preacher, (when in

the heat of battle he was sometimes decidedly antithetical in the style of his orders, to the preacher,) of whom Prof. Stuart said: "He rather thought two and two made four, but he was not quite sure of it." There were some generals like that preacher. They rather thought, as they sat on a log, that, perhaps, on the whole, all things being considered, if the proper movements were made at the right time, there was a remote possibility that the enemy might be whipped. With such generals, Sheridan had no patience, and for them no room in his command.

His boundless enthusiasm, his unshaken self-reliance, his thorough comprehension of what was to be done, and what he knew he could do, made General Grant say to him in the most memorable, laconic military order ever issued: "Go IN." And he did "go in," until every armed foe went out.

It was the famous saying of Cæsar: "Wise men anticipate possible difficulties, and decide beforehand what they will do if occasions arise." No general excelled Sheridan in argus-eyed watchfulness and prudent prevision. Studying every weak point of the enemy, he acted in the guarding of his own command, as if that weak point were to be found in his own lines. His movements were not of the hap-hazard, slap-dash style, which some of his daring raids might seem to indicate. I doubt if General Sheridan had a superior in the army, in making a close and comprehensive calculation of the chances and complexities of war. No officer had more accurate information than he of what was going on in the enemy's lines, or could divine more surely what in all human possibility the enemy would do. He set at naught the mathematics in which his adversaries so firmly trusted, that a straight line is the nearest distance between two given points, and proved to them again and again that the longest way round was the nearest way—to where they were to be found. No general in ancient or modern warfare surpassed him in those rapid, brilliant, unexpected and effective flank movements, by which he suddenly and completely doubled up the enemy in order to straighten him out.

The lightning flash of his intuitive military genius was followed by the lightning flash of action. While other men were thinking what was best to be done, he had done it, and then was planning to do still more.

With his quickness of apprehension and promptness in execution, there was a fertility of resources which never failed to serve him in the most desperate emergency. He was master of all the wiles of warfare, as a beautiful coquette of all the weaknesses of her admirers' natures. Now he was coyly dallying with the enemy—now advancing, now withdrawing, now luring on, now pushing off—until the supreme moment had come, and then followed the breaking of the enemy's heads, as in the other engagement followed the breaking of the victims' hearts. He had the consummate command of his faculties when the need was most urgent for them to be thoroughly in hand. Amid the ebb and flow of battle, with reverses here and successes there, in the very focus of the tempest and storm of the engagement, he never lost his head, although he frequently did his hat. With the magnificent passion of battle at white heat burning within him, restless as a surging volcano, dashing here and there, as though rider and horse were embodied electricity, he was as calm and cool at the centre, as one of the snow-formed lakes in the bosom of the Rocky Mountains. He concentrated his energy on the needed point, and yet swept the whole field with unfailing vision.

Disaster only kindled his defiance; reverses simply redoubled his resoluteness. Defeat! He never knew what the word meant. "Impossible?" said Napoleon; "that is bad French." "Defeat," Sheridan would say, "is execrable English."

General Sheridan was the ideal of a commanding officer in battle. Orators and poets, historians and painters, have loved to depict a general at the head of his troops, waving his sword and urging on his men to victory; but very, very few generals in all history have ever realized the ideal, for there are very few generals to be found who can present the rare combination of the statics and dynamics of warfare, so as to be in one place to command, and yet at all places to lead and inspire. Two such generals have there been—Caesar was one, and Sheridan the other.

Bare-headed, in his scarlet cloak, calling his centurions by name, the great leader of the Romans rushes to the front and leads the attack. Suddenly surprised by the Nervii, his army is thrown into confusion. Sixty thousand men throw themselves upon the legions unprepared for the onset. Baggage wagons, light troops,

heavy infantry, are all intermingled. The standards are all huddled together. The men are packed so close they cannot use their swords. Almost all the officers are killed or wounded. One of the best of them, Sextius Baculus, is scarce able to stand. The battle is lost, and Cæsar's reputation clouded! No! no

The great general hurries from the extreme of the other wing just in time to save a rout. Unarmed, he snatches a shield from a soldier, and in a voice of thunder bids the centurions open the ranks and give the men room to strike. It is done. Consternation gives place to coolness, as the soldiers see his calmness and yet passionate determination. The old Roman valor comes back with redoubled energy. The men who had given way make amends for their retreat by the added fury of their assault, and under the eye of this master spirit, they sweep on to victory, until of sixty thousand foes, but five hundred remain to tell the story of the disaster.

Our Sheridan is at Washington in earnest consultation with the Secretary of War. The night before the battle of Cedar Creek, until far in the night, they are discussing and planning. Suddenly the rapid ticking of the telegraph instrument is heard, bringing a message from Winchester—"There is danger here. Hurry up Sheridan."

On from the war office dashes the General to the station. The engine rushes with him to the Relay House. He leaps to the engine on the main track and is off to Harper's Ferry, seventy miles beyond. Never did engine make greater speed on that track before. The Ferry is reached, and the impatient commander is on another engine bound for Winchester. In four hours from the time he left the Capitol, he is at his destination. Then at break of day he is mounted on that brave steed, Rienzi, to be immortalized for his deed on that eventful morning. You know the rest—the surprise, the retreat, the dashing through the wavering lines of horse and man, the stopping of the reflux broken human tide; for "the sight of the master *compelled* it to pause." And then, its resistless rush forward with its bare-headed commander waving his flashing saber in the front, and the rush backward of the enemy in a precipitate rout. Then at Pine Forks some of the regiments begin to give way. Sheridan's vigilant eye sees it. He is among them; he is at their head! Snatching amid the rain of shot and shell, his colors, that could not

be disgraced, he bore it riddled with bullets, to victory in the really last decisive battle of the war.

General Sheridan was never guilty of that contemptible meanness, which is either the sign of a little mind or the shameful infirmity of a great one—the stealing from another of the credit which justly belongs to him, although others may have made the attempt to rob him of his hard-earned fame.

No man in the midst of such brilliant successes was less triumphant in the inditing of despatches, or more chary in speaking of his glorious victories, so as to bring praise to himself. The nearest to anything like gratulation was the terse despatch announcing that “General Early was whirling up the valley.” But the music of that cheering strain set the whole Nation dancing with joy. Within that compact frame, ever beats a tender heart. Back of that straightforward manner, is the gentleness of a true gentleman, and accompanying all the irresistible daring of the impetuous soldier, is the modesty of a woman.

See how he climbed up to the supreme height of his position by real merit alone. Comparatively unknown to begin with, never asking for a single promotion, simply being faithful to the duty of the hour, he rose step by step, from a Lieutenantancy to be Captain and Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the South-West. Then, appointed Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, he joined the regiment in the morning, and before evening made lively work for the enemy by burning his trains, winning in less than 30 days, a Brigadier’s star, and before a year had expired, wearing two stars on each shoulder; Stone River, Chicamauga, and Missionary Ridge, each having attested the inestimable worth and invincible valor of the man. Then came the renowned Shenandoah campaign and the successes about Petersburg, the telegram of President Lincoln—“Have just heard of your splendid victory. God bless you all, officers and men”—then the star in the regular service.

Then the victory from the jaws of defeat at Cedar Creek, and the fervent tribute of praise by Lincoln worthy the thanks of the Nation, and the notice that the two stars in the regular service were to be hereafter worn, “for personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in courage and patriotism of your troops, displayed by you at

Cedar River, whereby under the blessings of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster avoided, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within 30 days."

Then the resolution of thanks by Congress and the legislatures of several of the States, "for achieving a series of victories which will shine resplendent in our military annals, with a luster as enduring as history," and the telegram from General Grant to Stanton, announcing that a salute of 100 guns had been fired from each of the armies around Petersburg in honor of the victory, closing with the eulogistic words "turning what bid fair to be a disaster, into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan, what I have always thought of him, one of the ablest of Generals."

General Sheridan has been justly termed the grandest cavalry officer of his age, and unsurpassed as a leader of mounted men in any age. But it is difficult to say whether he excels more as a commander of cavalry or of infantry. The cavalry made him a Brigadier General in the volunteer service at Booneville; then the infantry a Major General at Stone River. The cavalry and infantry at the battle of Opequan, near Winchester, made him a Brigadier General in the regular army, and the cavalry, infantry and artillery at Cedar Creek, commonly known as the Battle of Winchester, made him a Major General in the regular army. What a rare combination of qualities such a General must possess to be preeminently successful as Chief Quartermaster and Chief Commissary of the Army of the South-West at Pea Ridge, as a cavalry commander in Mississippi with the grand old Army of the Tennessee; as an infantry commander in Kentucky and Tennessee, with the gallant Army of the Cumberland; as a cavalry commander in Virginia with the splendid Army of the Potomac; as an infantry and cavalry commander in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and as cavalry and infantry commander in the last campaign against Lee.

Pindar in one of his odes speaks of those who reach the immortal fields by enduring these purgations.

Missionary Ridge, Cedar Creek, Five Forks, and then Appomattox, and immortality for Sheridan.

Looking at him as a faithful student at West Point, a Brevet sec-

ond Lieutenant, second Lieutenant, 1st Lieutenant, Captain, Colonel, Brigadier General, and Major General in the volunteer service; Brigadier General and Major General in the regular army; Lieutenant General, and soon to be General, we may well say in the language of another, as applied to one bearing the same name:—

“Nature made but one such man
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.”

Bishop Fallows' address, as also those of Professor Swing and General White, was frequently interrupted by applause, sometimes ending in cheers. At the conclusion of his address, the band played the “Star Spangled Banner.”

Professor Lyman then gave a spirited recitation of “Sheridan's Ride,” and the assembly dispersed while the bugles sounded “taps.”



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 007 586 983 6